

THOU ART A LIGHT

Love, thou art to me a light
That shines upon my way,
And guides me through the gloom of night
Unto a brighter day.
An angel pure, O Love, thou art,
For when I see thy face
I feel an influence on my heart
Of sweet and heavenly grace.
No stained thought the soul can soil,
When thou, my Love, art near
No low desire, no word of guile,
No passion in its power.

A TIMELY SHOT.

A Boy's Adventure in the Wilds of Africa.

The anxiety and distress of Ralph Campbell, a thoughtful master's mate from the survey ship Petrel, were beyond description when, on awakening one morning in his quarters—an African hut on a bank of the Senegal river, up which he had been sent a long distance on government business—he discovered that his little brother, Frank, was missing.

Frank was a bright, clever boy of twelve, who had accompanied his brother from the ship, which was anchored outside the bar. He was the captain's nephew, and was a general pet and favorite aboard the vessel, where he had been receiving instructions to fit him for naval duties.

Ralph, who now had all his cutter's crew looking for the lost lad, worried much over the peril to which the little fellow might be exposed from venomous serpents and wild beasts.

At length, while searching in the thick shrubbery on the river bank, the youth reached a cove where, on the night before, he had left a small canoe which he had bought of one of the natives.

He had intended to use it for navigating some of the shallow creeks further up the river, as the cutter he had charge of was too deep and wide for that purpose. Started to perceive that the canoe was missing, a suspicion of the truth broke all at once upon his mind.

He remembered having remarked to a sailor, in Frank's hearing, that the little craft must be brought up and made fast to the latter the first thing in the morning. The boy, eager to please his brother, had probably risen and gone, before any of the rest of the party were awake, to fetch the canoe, but if so, what had become of him?

Ralph, shuddering, thought of the hideous crocodiles that infested this river, while he vainly scanned it for some sign of the lad.

Then, having resolved not to wait for the return of his men, but to take the cutter and go off alone in search of his lost brother, he hurried back to the bank in front of the hut, alongside of which the boat lay.

This boat was a light, swift one, which could be easily sailed by an one. There was a small, loaded scow ready for use, fixed in the bow, but its weight would not interfere with the speed of the craft.

The young officer was soon vigorously sculling the vessel on its way, going with the tide, as he thought that Frank would have been apt to take this course. Fast lofty elevations covered with shrubbery and flowers, the cutter, often shadowed by the far-extending branches of huge baobab trees that formed broad green arches above it.

It had rounded a peninsula full of bloom and foliage, when the watchful youth saw ahead of him an overgrown, broken canoe. He soon reached it, and, by the peculiar carving on the bow, he recognized it as the missing canoe.

It had been partly crushed—most likely, he thought, by the teeth of a crocodile!

In dismay, he pulled Frank's little cap from a jagged projection of the broken wood on which it was caught. The dreadful truth forced itself on his mind.

The lad had been pursued by the monster that had destroyed the canoe. Had he already met his fate? The young officer tried to shake off his foreboding—no hope, in spite of appearances, that his brother might, in some way, have escaped and still be alive.

He looked toward the peninsula from which the canoe seemed to have drifted. This peninsula, consisting of two high, projecting banks composed of soft rock and earth, opposite each other, about fifteen feet apart, was roofed by the branches of slender trees that flourished in wild luxuriance on both banks.

The trunks of these trees slanted so that their boughs intermingled and were so thickly interwoven with vines that they formed a dense canopy of leaves and blossoms over the open space beneath, which thus resembled a sort of long water cavern.

Ralph directed the cutter to this cavern, and, looking through the green archway into the partial obscurity beyond, he beheld a sight well calculated to arouse apprehension.

In the back part of the cavern, lying in a shallow, among sandbanks that partially concealed it, was a large crocodile, with its head raised and thrown back and its horrible jaws wide open, while its eyes were strained, as if turned up toward some elevated point.

Gazing in the same direction, Ralph was startled to see, about ten feet above those hideous jaws, the form of his little brother, lying, with pale face and closed eyes, on the narrow shelf of a rock. The rock was under the branches of slender trees, which rose on each side of it from low banks on the right and left, about two yards from the elevation. One of the overhanging branches, broken off, explained the boy's situation.

He had evidently climbed the tree to escape the crocodile, had crept on to the slender branch, it had given way, and he had fallen on the rock, his head striking it with force enough to render him unconscious. There he lay now, so perilously near the edge of the rock-shelf that the slightest movement on his part would cause him to roll off and fall into the jaws of the monster below. As he was probably but temporarily stunned, he was liable to move at any moment. It was, indeed, the utmost importance, in order to insure his safety, that he should be speedily conveyed from his dangerous position.

Ralph feared that a discharge of the scow, or of any firearm at the crocodile, would only be attended with fa-

tal results to Frank. The sandbanks might hinder the shot from striking the fierce reptile, while the shock would be pretty sure to dislodge the senseless lad from the shelf, and thus bring him down into the power of his voracious enemy.

The youth lost no time in heading his boat toward the rock. But the cutter was some fathoms from it, when the keel caught in a submerged sandbank. Drawing his sword, Ralph sprang out, and quickly waded toward the rock.

Slight ledges and protruding spurs on its front would enable him, he thought, to climb up to his brother; in fact, there was no other way of reaching him. The young officer held his sword ready for use, in case the crocodile, close to which he would be obliged to pass, should venture to attack him.

Ralph, however, kept his eyes fastened upon the crocodile. The monster turned its head when he was near it and snapped at him. He avoided it by stepping sideways; then he commenced to strike and thrust vigorously at its jaws with his sword. It retreated a few yards but broke his blade in two with its teeth as it twisted its body around. Thinking it would leave him, Ralph sprang to the rock. Just then little Frank, recovering his senses, gave a slight cry and fell from the ledge above.

The young officer saw him in time to catch him in his arms. As he turned to convey him to the cutter, he perceived that the crocodile, now between him and the boat, with open jaws, was prepared to renew the attack.

He set his confused brother upon his feet in the shallow water, and drawing the single-barreled navy pistol which he carried in his belt, he fired at the creature's big, yawning mouth. But, owing to the animal's sheering a little to seize the boy, now on one side of its protector, it received the shot on the edge of its jaw.

Twisting itself away from the twin, it commenced, as if in blinded rage and pain, to thrash the shallows with its hard, bony tail.

As Ralph was conveying his brother past the reptile, toward the boat, his left ankle caught between two small under-water rocks, and was temporarily sprained.

"Never mind," said Frank, as the hurt youth dragged himself along with difficulty, "I am now able to walk. You need not carry me. I will help you."

He disengaged himself from Ralph's arms, seized his hand and tried to assist him. The crocodile had turned by this time toward the two, for another snarl. But they were now within a yard of the cutter, and though suffering excruciating pain, the young officer caught up his brother's light form and tossed him into the boat. The crocodile was close to Ralph, but he contrived to escape it with a forward movement and to roll himself across the gunwale of the cutter. He went over on his back, with his head on the edge of the bow. While he was trying to turn and right himself, which his sprain would hinder his doing quickly, the hideous open jaws of the monster appeared over the bow. They were very near the head of the prostrate youth. He would not be able to move it in time to clear the horrible fangs. But at this critical moment his young brother, who had noticed that the crocodile's jaws were on a line with the scowl, sprang forward with ready decision and discharged the piece.

Never was a shot more effective. It plowed its way nearly through the full length of the huge reptile's body, killing the animal almost instantly. Ralph praised his brother for the quick judgment and swift action which had thus been the means of saving him from a terrible fate.

In fact, the presence of mind and promptitude shown by the little fellow on this occasion won the admiration and applause of all the seamen aboard the ship, when, in time, it was made known to them.

Not long after the gun had been fired, the rising of the tide floated the cutter clear of the sandbank, enabling Ralph, with Frank's assistance, to get back to the landing-place. The young officer, who had returned from their vain search for the lad joyfully hailed his appearance. Frank's explanations about the canoe, as well as of his situation on the rock, verified his brother's previous conjectures on the subject. The boy had gone to the canoe to convey it to the cutter, had been pursued by the crocodile, and by vigorous paddling had reached the water cavern. So close to him then was the reptile that, as he sprang out of the canoe to climb the tree, the jaws of the monster closed over the frail vessel, partly crushing it. Bottom and with Frank's cap, which had fallen from his head, caught on the broken wood, the little craft had drifted off with the current, to be afterward found by Ralph as described.—Rufus Hall, in N. Y. Ledger.

Original.

John Hookham Frere was a scholar and a man of much literary ability, but one of those whose work, for some reason, finds a very slight hearing. But even if his literary work should be quite forgotten, the stories of his life would live as long as his incongruous error continues to amuse.

One day he sat repeating some verses to Mr. John Murray, in Mr. Murray's office, and his host became so interested in the poem that he asked the poet to go home with him to dinner and continue the recitation. Mr. Frere started to find it so late, excused himself, he said, and was already past the hour when he had promised his wife to be ready for their journey into the country. Another such story rests on the authority of his wife herself.

Mr. Frere had just been introduced to a lady, a young widow, and offered to take her downstairs to procure some refreshment. He became so interested in their conversation, however, that he drank the glass of negus he had poured for her, and was about to conduct her upstairs again when she laughingly remonstrated with him for having forgotten her needs.

"This," she said, "convinced me that my new acquaintance was, at any rate, very different from most of the young men around us!"—Youth's Companion.

—She—"Here's a bill for the doctor." He—"What's it for?" Ethel—"I know, mamma. Doctors poke cross to me yesterday on the street, and I stuck out my tongue at him."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE WOOLLED SHEEP

Oh, listen to my tale of woe,
And let the tender-hearted weep;
For strong and cruel is my foe,
And I am only just a sheep.
A woolled sheep, a patient sheep,
A quiet, unobtrusive sheep.

These woolled sheep, of "soft" form,
Who sow the field that all must reap,
Have "muzzled" their wool to keep it warm,
And now weak vengeance on the sheep,
The fearless sheep, the happy sheep,
The meek and unobtrusive sheep.

For, swarming by the great big sheep,
That "raw material" must be cheap,
Great Greaser bleeds his head bassoon,
And hurled his pink upon the sheep,
The docile sheep, the feeble sheep,
The peaceful, unobtrusive sheep.

There are some flocks that can rely
On friends that never fail to sleep;
But, winking with his southern eye,
Each sheep reformer bids the sheep,
The gentle sheep, the harmless sheep,
The northern farmer's hapless sheep.

The sugar trust must have its pull,
But all the woolled sheep must feel
Life's howling voices into my wool,
And vent their malice on the sheep,
The woolled sheep, the woolled sheep,
The weak and unobtrusive sheep.

The whisky trust has Daniel V.,
The will and windy one to keep
Its interests solid, but oh, me!
Who acts as counsel for the sheep?
The cheated sheep, the honest sheep,
The poor, forlorn, abandoned sheep.

And if to crown our woes, alas!
Already burdensome and deep,
Should William H. come burn the grass,
Oh, what could then preserve the sheep?
The luckless sheep, the foolish sheep,
The hapless, hapless, hapless sheep.

A WRONG CONCLUSION.

Business and Wages Seriously Injured by the Tariff Reduction.

It is often said by those who are especially desirous of encouraging a prompt revival of business, and who have more zeal than knowledge, that the new tariff makes only little change from the McKinley law. Yet what are the facts? On many of the most important products the duties are reduced more than one-half, and on many others, as much as a third, and these are products, moreover, which were so largely imported in 1891 and 1892 under the McKinley duties as to prove that those duties were by no means prohibitory.

It is essential to remember that a duty is like a dam which is not strong enough to resist a flood. Only a little difference in the dam or the duty may bring tremendous disaster in place of peace and prosperity. The question is whether the duty is high enough to keep domestic establishments at work with fair wages. Cutting off wages necessarily cuts off what the people can buy, and thus necessarily reduces business. Now the one fact which everybody can see is that wages are at present very much lower than they were two years ago, before the people voted for a change of tariff, and the definite settlement which the new tariff has brought does not anywhere permit any recovery of wages as yet.

In many important branches it has dropped a decided third. The wool-glass workers recently accepted a reduction of twenty per cent, and the tint-glass and tin-plate workers are also expected to accept a reduction.

It is impossible to state with accuracy what the aggregate reduction in all kinds of wages has been, but it is unquestionably enough to account for a material shrinkage in the purchasing power of the people, and consequently in the volume of business. This alone would be a very serious change, should it continue, even though none of the American works should be directly closed by foreign competition. For if the people can only spend \$4,000,000,000 where they formerly spent \$5,000,000,000, a great many establishments will have to stop because of a lack of demand for their products. Some theorists imagine that, with prices down 20 or 30 per cent, the smaller wages will go as far and buy as many boots or clothes as the larger wages previously received. But the trouble is that while prices of some goods which are liable to be imported have been much reduced, other prices have been reduced very little or not at all. It is capable of demonstration that the cost of living, even at the lowest point this year, has at no time been as much as 10 per cent lower than it was in 1892. But wages are probably at least 20 per cent lower.

What American works will be forced to stop operations, when the full force of foreign competition under the new duties is felt, is at present a matter of conjecture. But there is strong reason for believing that many works will thus be suppressed, and that a multitude of workers will thus be compelled to crowd into other employments, in which there is not too much room already.—N. Y. Tribune.

Ohio democrats are repudiating their own candidates and platforms, and in November the people will again repudiate the rotten old party.—Toledo Blade.

LOW TARIFF AND LOW WAGES.

How the Tariff Reduction Will Affect the Workingman's Pay.

Many of the newspapers contain reports of interviews with business men in regard to the effect of the new tariff law on the labor market. They unanimously agree that the price of labor in the United States must be reduced, in some departments more, in others less, but in all enough to enable the domestic manufacturer to meet the greater competition from Europe that ensues from lowering the import duties. The democrat testifies to this as well as the republican. The change in the tariff has been a political measure, but there is no party in the resulting depression of prices for the finished product, and therefore for the elements of cost, labor being the principal one.

In November, 1891, the workmen voted as they believed, and believed as they had been taught by the professional labor agitators. They were told that the wages of labor had little to do with determining the selling prices of the articles that are produced by it, that the "capitalist" got a great deal more than his share, that a lower tariff would force the domestic manufacturer and merchant to sell at lower prices, but that this would make no difference to the wage workers. At least those of them who were members of trades unions were not to be affected, as they would be able to dictate terms to their employers and successfully resist any demand for a reduction. They expected to have goods offered them more cheaply than before the change in the tariff went into effect, but foolishly supposed that the difference would come out of the pocket of the employer or the capitalist who furnished the money with which to buy material and pay the wages of labor.

Now the workers are finding out that they made a pitiful mistake. Most of them still may entertain the idea that the employers could pay the low wages if they would, but have convincing proof that the employers will not pay the old wages and cannot be forced to pay them. If the workers will not accept the truth they have to face the fact. There is no getting around that, and the sooner they are willing to look at the matter in its true light the better it will be for

them. The surveying of the situation for themselves and repudiation of the labor agitators who have misled them to their own undoing would not immediately restore prosperous times and bring back the rate of wages which was the rule with them two years ago. But it would enable them to bear more philosophically the evils now suffered, to understand that they cannot be removed without removing the cause, and to resolve to remove that cause at the earliest opportunity afforded them at the polls. In order to remove lost ground they must vote out the democrats, who are not content with the mischief already wrought, but are threatening the country with another dose of the same poison, which has afflicted the toilers with miseries during many months past and now is about to operate more severely in the system. If they would not be far worse off than now they must repudiate democratic policies next November and follow it up two years later with an overwhelming repudiation.—Chicago Tribune.

COMMENT AND OPINION.

Democrats in the west will doubtless insist on running, just as they did in Maine and Vermont. It will make it more interesting.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The best-sugar industry of Nebraska is killed outright by the new tariff law. And yet Wilson is calling for more of the same sort of reform.—N. Y. Recorder.

The democratic orators who attacked the new tariff law are confronted by the ugly fact that a democratic president refused to sign it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The consumption of sugar in the United States is as seventy-five pounds to one. So the democratic congress taxes sugar and places salt on the free list. The people thus pay tribute to the trusts.—Boston Traveller.

Four years ago, when the McKinley bill was the target for insensate abuse, the republican majority in Vermont dropped to 14,163. This year, after two years' experience with tariff reform, the majority is 28,099.—National Tribune.

The people of the United States consume sixty-two pounds of sugar per capita, which means that on the total amount consumed in a year under the present tariff law, they will pay forty million dollars more than they paid for the same amount under the McKinley law. This is one of those plain and practical North American political facts which the average citizen can readily comprehend.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

ALL ABOUT DORKINGS.

Some of the Characteristics of a Very Popular English Breed.

This breed of fowls is older even than the English lang, by whom it is considered the ideal table fowl. In fact, the breed is so popular in that country that it is generally regarded as an English breed of fowl. There are four varieties of the Dorkings, viz.: Gray, silver gray, white and cuckoo.

The cocks of the gray variety have either a pure black or slightly mottled breast, the neck and back being white, striped with black, and the wings nearly white crossed by a well-defined black bar. The silver grays are always alike in color, the male having a black breast, white wings crossed by a black bar and a black tail. The head, neck and back are pure silvery white, without sign of yellow or straw color.

The white Dorking is not quite so large as the other varieties which it is considered to surpass in symmetry. Its plumage is pure white and it possesses what is known as "rose comb," the others having a somewhat larger single comb.

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FAITHFUL BUT KIND.

Wool-Hicks must think a great deal of his wife. Van Pelt—What makes you think so? Wool—For five years he has kept a cat at the office to eat the cup custards his wife made for his lunch.—Truth.

Everybody is Going South Now—Days. The only section of the country where the farmers have made any money the past year is in the South. If you wish to change you should go down now and see for yourself the Louisville & Nashville Railroad and connections will sell tickets to all points South for trains of October 2, November 6 and December 4, at one fare round trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to J. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or 320 E. Hoxsey, D. P. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"I object," said the mosquito in a theatrical hotel, "to this interference in my business. The idea of my not being permitted to do my act without a net!"—Washington Star.

Common Sense. Is a somewhat rare possession. Show that you have a share of it by refraining from violent purgatives and drastic cathartics when you are constipated, and by relaxing your bowels gently, not violently, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a wholesome, thoroughly aperient and safe remedy.

It is always best for a man to keep his temper. No one else wants it.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Sept. 28, 1894.

CATTLE—Native Steers..... 4 40 4 50
COTTON—Middling..... 14 1/2 14 3/4
FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 3 1/2 3 3/4
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 84 1/2 85 1/2
COAL—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2
PORK—New Mess..... 15 00 15 1/2

ST. LOUIS.

COTTON—Middling..... 14 1/2 14 3/4
BELLEVILLE—Shipping Steers..... 4 40 4 50
HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 6 1/2 6 3/4
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 5 1/2 5 3/4
LARD—Patents..... 10 1/2 10 3/4
FANCY EXTRA..... 2 1/2 2 3/4
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter..... 84 1/2 85 1/2
COAL—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2
OATS—No. 2..... 4 1/2 4 3/4
TOBACCO—Leaf..... 10 1/2 10 3/4
HAY—Clear Timothy..... 8 00 8 1/2
BUTTER—Choice Dairy..... 15 1/2 16 1/2
EGGS—Fresh..... 13 1/2 14 1/2
POULTRY—Standard Mess (new)..... 11 1/2 12 1/2
LARD—Prime Steam..... 8 1/2 8 3/4

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Shipping..... 4 40 4 50
HOGS—Fair to Choice..... 6 1/2 6 3/4
SHEEP—Fair to Choice..... 5 1/2 5 3/4
FLOUR—Winter Wheat..... 3 1/2 3 3/4
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring..... 81 1/2 82 1/2
COAL—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2
PORK—Mess (new)..... 15 00 15 1/2

KANSAS CITY.

CATTLE—Shipping Steers..... 4 40 4 50
HOGS—All Grades..... 6 1/2 6 3/4
WHEAT—No. 2 Red..... 84 1/2 85 1/2
COAL—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2
OATS—No. 2..... 4 1/2 4 3/4

NEW ORLEANS.

FLOUR—High Grade..... 2 1/2 2 3/4
COAL—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2
OATS—Western..... 4 1/2 4 3/4
HAY—Choice..... 8 00 8 1/2
POULTRY—New Mess..... 11 1/2 12 1/2
BACON—Sides..... 10 1/2 10 3/4
COTTON—Middling..... 14 1/2 14 3/4

LOUISVILLE.

WHEAT—No. 2 Mixed..... 81 1/2 82 1/2
COAL—No. 2..... 12 1/2 13 1/2
OATS—No. 2 Mixed (New)..... 4 1/2 4 3/4
PORK—New Mess..... 15 00 15 1/2
BACON—Clear Rib..... 9 1/2 9 3/4
COTTON—Middling..... 14 1/2 14 3/4

A WRECK.

of the physical constitution often comes from unnatural, pernicious habits, contracted through ignorance or from excess. Such habits result in loss of brain and even deadly insanity. Many times result from such reckless self-abuse.

To reach, reclaim and restore such unfortunate to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book written in plain but terse language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home treatment, of such disease. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay postage.

Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 683 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

BEE-KEEPING MISTAKES.

Why Some Men Never Make a Success of the Business.